THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

Established March 4, 1885. Made Famous in the Story of "Jonathan and His Continent," by Max O'Rell.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor. • "Of a Noisy World, With News From All Nations Lumb'ring at His Back," • $1.00 A YEAR, Always in Advance

TWELFTH YEAR. HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1897. NUMBER 44.

Lexington and Eastern Railway.

Time Table in Effect April 1, 1896.

WEST BOUND.

STATIONS	No. 1. D[illegible]	No. 3. D[illegible]
Lexington...	10 00 am	4 [illegible] pm
Avon.....	9 31 am	3 [illegible] pm
Winchester	9 10 am	2 [illegible] pm
Fairlie.....	8 54 am	2 [illegible] pm
Indian F'lds	8 37 am	1 10 pm
Clay City.....	8 19 am	11 [illegible]
Stanton	8 10 am	1 [illegible] pm
Filson	7 55 am	[illegible] pm
Dundee.....	7 48 am	[illegible] pm
Nat. Bridge..	7 38 am	[illegible] pm
Torrent	7 24 am	9 [illegible] pm
Beattyv'e Jc	7 03 am	8 [illegible] pm
Three F'ks C	6 53 am	8 [illegible]
Athol	6 32 am	7 13 pm
Elkatawa.....	6 08 am	6 [illegible] pm
Jackson	6 00 am	6 [illegible] pm

EAST BOUND.

STATIONS.	No. 2. Daily.	No. 6. Daily ex. Sunday.
Lexington ...	2 20 pm	6 30 am
Avon.....	2 47 pm	7 08 am
Winchester..	3 07 pm	8 10 am
Fairlie.....	3 21 pm	8 54 am
Indian F'lds	3 37 pm	9 24 am
Clay City.....	3 55 pm	11 45 am
Stanton.....	4 05 pm	12 10 pm
Filson	4 18 pm	12 41 pm
Dundee	4 32 pm	1 15 pm
Nat. Bridge..	4 37 pm	1 26 pm
Torrent	4 51 pm	2 00 pm
Beattyv'e Jc	5 16 pm	3 05 pm
Three F'ks C	5 26 pm	3 25 pm
Athol	5 48 pm	4 12 pm
Elkatawa.....	6 12 pm	5 05 pm
Jackson	6 20 pm	5 20 pm

Nos. 1 and 2 arrive and depart from C. & O. Union depot at Lexington. All freight trains arrive and depart from Netherland.

J. D. LIVINGSTON,
Vice Pres. and Gen. Man.

CHAS. SCOTT, Gen. Pass. Agent.

UNTIL

NOVEMBER 1st.

Our $ 5.00	Watches at	$ 3.00
" 8.00	"	6.00
" 10.00	"	7.00
" 20.00	"	15.00
" 100.00	"	75.00

FINE DIAMOND RINGS

$7.50 and upward.

GOOD VALUES

—AT—

$10.00 and upward.

Alarm Clocks, at 90c. and upward.
Fine Clocks, at $3.50 and upward.

A line of Sterling Silver and Plated Ware suitable for Wedding Gifts at proportionately low prices.

FRED J. HEINTZ,

135 E. MAIN STREET,

Near P. O. LEXINGTON, KY.

MOST IN QUANTITY. BEST IN QUALITY.

WORMS!

WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE

FOR 20 YEARS
Has led all WORM Remedies.
EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
Prepared by
RICHARDSON MEDICINE CO., ST. LOUIS.

J. A. TAULBEE, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon,

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

☞Surgery and obstetrics a specialty

W. T. COLVIN, WITH

TRIMBLE BROTHERS,

Wholesale Grocers,

MT. STERLING. KY.

BREATHITT COUNTY.

Jackson Jottings.

Ed Marcum has been very sick with la grippe.

The infant child of Wm. Moore, near Jackson, died last week.

Jas. Blackburn, of Stanton, was in our city Saturday attending business.

C. Kellman, merchant of this place, has opened up a branch store at Buckhorn.

Editor C. X. Bowling, of the Beattyville Enterprise, was in our midst Sunday.

Attorneys R. A. Hurst and J. B. Marcum are attending Campton circuit court this week.

J. Wise Hagins, proprietor of the Arlington hotel, is building an addition to his livery barn.

John Patrick, jr, who has been confined to his room for several weeks, was seen on the streets Saturday.

S. S. Taulbee has just returned from Magoffin and Knott counties, where he has been attending revenue business.

Miss Kate Patrick, of this place, who has been teaching a winter school at Oakdale, was at her home Saturday and Sunday.

R. A. Bohannon, the popular druggist of Jackson, is often importuned by his many friends to make the race for the next state senatorship of this district. Other aspirants had better look out if "Silver Dick" shies his castor.

The latest development in the political world is the formal announcement here of H. L. Wheeler, of Beattyville, for the Republican nomination of circuit judge of this district. Judge Redwine would not have a better morsel.

It is probable that Stenographer W. P. Norris, of this place, and the efficient secretary of the Democratic county campaign committee, will be the private secretary to Congressman-elect Thos. Y. Fitzpatrick. As a newspaper correspondent and for general qualifications, it would, indeed, be a wise selection.

Jan. 26. HAJILE.

He Adjourned It All the Same.

When Hon. John P. Salyer, of Morgan, and Hon. Hiram Hogg, of Owsley, were the candidates for state senator, a few years since, the convention to name the choice of the Democratic party was held at Jackson. The followers of Mr. Hogg succeeded in organizing the convention, and Judge Jim Linden, of Breathitt, was selected as chairman. In the course of its deliberations, the friends of Mr. Hogg thought it wise to adjourn that they might consult with each other and gain a few votes, whereupon some one moved that the convention adjourn. The motion met with a prompt second, and Judge Linden declared the convention adjourned. A delegate on the Salyer side rose to a point of order and declared that the chairman could not adjourn the body without putting the vote. But Judge Linden was equal to the emergency and said: "I can't? Why, I have already done it," and sure enough he had, for by that time half the delegates were in the street. As the sequel proved, however, the adjournment did not avail, and Mr. Salyer was subsequently declared the nominee.

Contributed.]

What Think Ye of Them.

When you are in society and hear young men talking vain, foolish talk, swearing, or reeling under the influence of intoxicants, chewing or smoking tobacco; when you see young women giggling and flirting, what think ye of them? Do you pity them? Do you think they have parents? Do you think their parents intentionally taught them so? Oh, no. Some such youngsters have good parents. They have disobeyed their parents and caused them great trouble. The first wrong a child does is to disobey its parents. Then it gets into bad company, learns and takes up with bad and vain habits, and after awhile these habits become master and the subject is the victim. Oh, young man or young lady, when you read this do not pass it by as an idle tale. Let it sink deep in your heart; remember you are building a life to live and die by. I remember reading in a book that as the beauty of summer, the fruitfulness of autumn and the support of winter depends upon spring, so does the happiness, wisdom and piety of middle life and old age depend upon youth. Then how important it is how youthful hours are spent.

Oh, fathers and mothers, are you teaching your sons and daughters by precept and example? Are you training them in the way you would have them go? As the twig is bent the tree is inclined to grow. Solomon said to bring the child up in the way it should go and when it is old it will hardly depart from it. Every child over four years old should read or hear read one chapter of the Proverbs of Solomon and one chapter of the new testament on every Sabbath if not every day, beginning with the first chapter of each and taking them in succession. When the Proverbs are all read commence at the first of Genesis and read the whole of the old and new testaments. Other good books and papers should be read also.

If parents would bring their children up in this way they would not have to see so many sons go to jails, penitentiaries and gallows, and not so many daughters without homes and without character.

January 14, 1897. J. S.

While Jack Ringo was sheriff of Menefee county, and a good one by the way, he found that the owner of some property in that county had not paid his taxes and was a non-resident as he lived in the adjoining county of Powell. So Jack, finding nothing in his own county upon which to levy for the taxes, rode over into Powell and drove one of the delinquent's cows into Menefee to secure the debt. Subsequently he met with the lamented Wick Kendall, who was then prosecuting attorney of that district, and put the question:

"Wick, can the sheriff in one county, where taxes are due, go into an adjoining county and levy on property to satisfy the claim?"

"Why, of course not," replied Wick.

"Well, I know better," said Jack.

"But I tell you it can't be done," persisted Wick.

"I know better," retorted Jack, "for by gum, I have just done that very thing," and Wick admitted his defeat in the argument.

☞Pay up your subscription.

CAHABA BRIDGE DISASTER.

One Man Confesses to Have Caused It to Get Money.

A special from Atlanta, Ga., says: Sam Palatka, cross-eyed, a fiend in expression, revolting in countenance, has confessed to having perpetrated the great Cahaba bridge disaster, which occurred three weeks ago in Alabama. Stolidly and with immovable lines of criminal harshness on his face, he admits that singlehanded he sent 85 persons to a horrible death and wounded and maimed a score more.

There was no romantic reason back of the work of this courageous coward, a man who dared discovery which, in Alabama, meant certain death to drive a train to destruction in order to obtain a few dollars. Palatka was arrested in Eatonton, in middle Georgia. His first captors believed him half-witted as he gave himself away. Those in charge of him in Atlanta as he was on his way to Alabama say he was absolutely reckless and entirely without human feelings. He spoke of the fearful wreck with no sign of emotion.

"I did it," said Palatka. "I wanted money. It's nobody's business what I wanted it for. I did it. I found it very easy. I say this for the benefit of those who want to wreck trains. It is just as easy to wreck a passenger train as it is to wreck a freight train. There is no money in a freight. I did not get anything out of the wreck. I moved a rail, put it across the track and the whole business seemed to fall. There were plenty of dead folks with money—one had $500—but before I could get at it the live ones got up and then the crowds came. I skipped out then."

A Kentucky paper says the expression "stump speaking" was originated by Kentuckians, and gives this account of its origin: In 1815, John McLean, at the age of 24, moved from Logan county to Shawneetown, Ill., without other capital than was generally possessed by lawyers of that day—"poor, talented and ambitious." Nature and life on blue grass soil made him a great orator. Indeed, as a biographer expressed it, "beside his great strength of mind, there was no mind in Illinois, before or since his day, that surpassed him in pure, natural eloquence." McLean's first serious trial of his power was for a seat in congress, upon the admission of his adopted state into the union, in 1818. His opponent was Daniel P. Cook, also a Kentuckian, from Scott county, "quick, wiry, eloquent and determined." On stumps of trees (literally) the two spoke all over the country, and from that campaign originated the title since given to "word-of-mouth" politicians.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

All persons who owe the estate of F. McGuire, deceased, either by note or account, must settle at once, as the notes were all due on January 4, 1897, and unless paid at once will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection. This is no scarecrow; it will be done as I intend to settle the business at once.

JOHN M. ROSE,
Jan. 6, 1897. Admr.

WANTED—SEVERAL FAITHFUL MEN or women to travel for responsible established house in Kentucky. Salary $780, payable $15 weekly and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-addressed envelope. The National, Star Building, Chicago. 22-48

WOLFE COUNTY.

Telliver Topics.

Mrs. H. A. Mannin is on the sick list.

Miss Lou Catron was the guest of Miss Mollie Cox last Sunday.

More weddings are promised, but we promised not tell anything now.

Born, to the wife of Howard Manning, a boy; William Jennings Bryan.

R. C. Nickell has just returned from Stillwater, where he has been enjoying the company of his best girl.

Married, on the 21st inst., Jos. Landrum to Miss Ava Sweeney, Rev. White Comb officiating. Joe then started for Cuba, accompanied by his young bride.

Jan. 26. SHINER.

Competition renders advertising a necessity, and scarce is the business that has none. This may not be in your town, but is surely in adjoining ones, and these times of rapid transit and cheap transportation, together with the desire to see a live man's stock of goods and to secure a published bargain, always catches the purchaser who has an eye to his own interests. But he who does no advertising tells you that he saves just that cost each year. Of course he does; and in addition to this cost he saves himself a lot of labor in tying up packages, saves his stock of goods and perhaps borrows money to pay his rent. The time has passed, in this country, when dead men can get to the front, and he who hustles, who attracts the public, wins. Again, the party who constantly keeps his wares before the public, beats the one who advertises by spells. It must not be forgotten, however, that the advertisements need constant cares. They must be worked over often, new leaders and new attractions brought out and people are as eager to read them as they are the neighborhood news. The dull season, which comes in every trade, is made less dull, and the lively season more lively by judicious advertising.

TAKEN UP.—Came to my premises, near Caskey school house, on or about November 1, 1896, a black sow, with four shotes; all have crop in ear. Owner can have same by proving property, paying damages and costs for advertising.

MRS. SUSAN MURPHY.
January 16, 1897.

Polly Feltner, the 19-year-old daughter of Lewis Feltner, of Leslie county, who so suddenly disappeared from her home and who was thought to have been murdered, has been found alive and well in a logger's cabin in Perry county. Polly got tired of being a girl and being dependent on some man for a living, so she dressed herself in men's clothes, assumed a man's name and will hereafter work like the sterner sex for a livelihood. She refused to return home to her parents.

NERVOUS Troubles are due to impoverished blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the One True Blood Purifier and **NERVE TONIC.**

To Cure Cold In One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

THE HERALD FOR ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher

HAZEL GREEN. : : : KY.

THREE PICTURES OF A LIFE.

DAWN.

Playmate of dreams and flowers and all things bright,
Oh, little child—whose hands
Have found a treasure in the cuckoo-lands—
Thy fair-haired comrades of the earlier light,
Missing thee from their bowers,
Have come to seek thee in thy realm of flowers.

NOONDAY.

Maytide and morningtide have passed away.
Roses and lilies rare
Have chased the kingcups and the cowslips fair
From meadows where the child no more can play;
And stronger hands have grasped
That dearest blossom which his fingers clasped.

DUSK.

Slow to his side the lingering river creeps,
Whispering into his ear
Strange stories of the far and of the near
The clustering flowers are dead—wan autumn weeps;
And all life's better part
Lies buried in the dreamland of his heart.

—Arthur L. Salmon, in Chambers' Journal.

"MADE IN GERMANY."

I.

Anthony Alexander was a woman hater. He was also a student of philosophy; very comfortably off. A bachelor, of course, and at 40 the despair of determined mothers, and dutiful daughters, when he came in their way (he did it as little as possible), scarcely had heart for an attack.

Alexander made up his mind to learn German, because he desired to read in the original the works of Kant, Hegel & Co. In a weekly paper he came on the following advertisement:

"The German tongue taught on a new and speedy system. Apply Herr Schwalb, 3 May street, Pimlico."

"Air Squalb?" said the short, grimy maid of the tall, grimy lodging house. "Fifth floor; first door to the left. Mind your feet when you get near the top; the carpet's gave."

Alexander climbed to the door indicated, and knocked. A sweet, treble voice with a strong foreign accent said:

"Come in."

"What a fool man is!" thought Alexander. "The less he can afford a female appurtenance the more sure he is to have one."

He entered. The little room was neatness itself. A girl in a brown dress and black apron stood up to receive him. She had a pretty figure, rosy cheeks, large, blue eyes, and an immense quantity of fair hair rolled into a tight ball.

Alexander bowed stiffly, and said that, having seen the advertisement of a Herr Schwalb—

"Yes," said the girl, quickly, "he is my fader, at all. You want to learn German, sir?"

Alexander replied in the affirmative, and added that he hadn't much time to spare; he would be glad to see Herr Schwalb at once. He stood like a tower, one bristling with battlements. The girl gave him an anxious glance.

"My fader cannot titch now," she said. "Since the notice appear he has a complaint. De troat of my fader is ill, sir. He must not spick."

Alexander said he was sorry, and with a second stiff bow moved toward the door.

"But I, Hedwig Schwalb, I know de seestem of my fader," said the girl, with a bright blush. "I can titch. I have titched. It is a great seestem for de adults, at all."

She looked imploringly up into the face of the six foot two black-bearded quadragenarian. He shook his head.

"I'm much obliged," he said. "Herr Schwalb may be better soon. I'll wait."

Hedwig nearly let him go. Pride and filial love made a sad to do within her. As Alexander got to the door he heard a choking voice:

"He will not be better soon if I earn no money to get him what he want. Will you try, sir? I am not young. I am 23, at all."

"At all!" This was one of the first phrases Hedwig had acquired on her arrival in England. She regarded it as an idiom of all work, and brought it in whenever she wanted to be particularly emphatic.

"Look here," she went on. "I shall give you two lessons, and if you are not contented you pay notting—notting—and I will beg your pardon of you; oderwise, I shall persevere till de troat of my fader is good. Will you try?"

"I don't doubt your ability," said Alexander, "but—"

The expression of his face enlightened Hedwig.

"Is my womanliness an objection?" she cried.

"Er—ah—really—" stammered Alexander, feeling, it must be confessed, a bit of an ass.

But Hedwig swept on.

"Belief me, you will find no differences. I titch like my fader. I tink not of my womanliness. I titch like he."

From an adjoining bedroom a door was pushed open, and a gaunt, leathery face, with frenzied hair and glaring spectacles, looked through. The girl nodded cheeringly to the apparition, which suddenly vanished. The blue eyes sought Alexander's face again. Something glittered in them which was not allowed to fall.

"Oh, well, I don't mind!" said Alexander hurriedly (to himself: "What a lie!") "Will ten o'clock to-morrow suit you? And," he added with more humanity than gallantry, "I trust Herr Schwalb will soon be able to take your place."

"I trust," said Hedwig. The rosy face beamed.

Alexander's face, when he got down into the street, did nothing of the kind.

"Beastly nuisance!" he said aloud.

II.

Three weeks passed. Herr Schwalb seemed nearly well again, but the doctor still forbade him to teach. Hedwig had given Alexander three lessons a week. He was growing strangely resigned to the situation. As long as the books were open Hedwig was stern, curt, dry; one seemed to see the spectacles of Herr Schwalb on her nose. When the books were shut she became a charming girl again, and, the transformation having taken place, Alexander did not, after the first, make a point of leaving directly. On the Saturday morning which brought the tenth lesson, time being up, Hedwig looked gayly at her pupil and said:

"Don't you tink you proceed?"

"I'm astonished at myself," said Alexander.

Herr Schwalb nodded blandly from his chair in the corner.

"Ah, I told you my womanliness was notting," said Hedwig, with a triumphant air.

Alexander looked at the sweet, modest figure in the shabby brown dress, at the round face, flushed with the July heat and with her pedagogic exertions on his behalf.

Her womanliness nothing? Well, poor little girl!

He asked if she had ever been to Hampton Court. No? Would she like to go? Hedwig's eyes spoke. Would Herr Schwalb trust Alexander to take her down on the moonday coach and bring her back by six in the evening? Allerdings—which meant she might go.

But how long would the fraulein take to get dressed?

Hedwig laughed, ran across the passage, and in five minutes reappeared, having pinned a lace collar on the brown dress, loosened the tight ball of shining hair, and mounted a fresh little hat, like her face, one nest of roses.

Oh, fairy day! happy, happy hours! The very sight of the great gates and great trees set Hedwig's heart dancing, and then the flaming flower beds and cool alleys and emerald grass and diamond fountains made her cry: "Ach! heavensly! heavensly!" again and again. And Alexander conducted her through the rooms and courts of the famous old palaces, and Hedwig chattered of Cardinal Wolsey as if he had been her uncle, and of Henry VIII. as if she had been his grandmother; and the next thing was to order tea in a queer little shop parlor looking on the park, and while they were at tea a beautiful tame deer with sad eyes came to the window and asked to be fed.

"Take care," said Alexander, as Hedwig leaned forward to touch the creature's head. He caught her by the hand and pulled her back.

"Hirsch—we call the animal so," said Hedwig, standing meekly by his side. "How do you call him at all?"

"Deer, fraulein," said Alexander. He had forgotten to let go of her hand, and he spoke very gently, and any ignorant intruder, hearing what he said, seeing how close the simple, pretty little Rhine maiden and the woman hater stood together in the alcove of the parlor window, might have fancied—But it was time to go home.

Of course Alexander saw Hedwig safe to the door of 3 May street.

"I can enough tank you never," she said, earnestly. "Gute nacht."

"Gute nacht, fraulein; gute nacht."

Turning away, he ran against an acquaintance—Jones.

Jones surveyed him with a twinkling eye.

"Changed your views?"

"Don't understand."

"I thought, according to you, the best woman that ever breathed was only to be tolerated. You seemed to be a trifle overflowing with toleration just now. Neat little article! Made in Germany? Hallo! no offense, old chap! Alexander! no offense, I say."

But Alexander, resisting the temptation to knock Jones, who was a small man, into the gutter, stalked away.

III.

And after dinner, in his luxurious study, he sat solitary, and thought—and thought.

He thought of the girl to whom he had given his heart in early days, and who had deceived him.

He thought of the undisturbed, regular, independent life to which he was accustomed.

He thought of his 40 years.

And the end of these meditations was that he went to his writing table and penned a letter to Hedwig.

He said that he was unexpectedly obliged to go abroad. He thanked Fraulein Schwalb for the pains she had taken with him, and begged to inclose the sum due to her for the remaining lessons of the course. He much regretted being unable to receive them. He sent his best compliments to Herr Schwalb and remained hers very sincerely, Anthony Alexander.

He went to Switzerland, intending to do a mountain or two. But, in ridiculous defiance of the most elementary rules of physical geography, mountains proved flat, so did other things when he tried them. A blooming face under a hat with roses, an old brown dress, a happy girl's voice, followed him everywhere.

At last, leaning dismally over a hotel balcony one fine evening in Chamounix, he heard a German lady below say to a friend: "Gute nacht!"

He couldn't stand it any longer. "Gute nacht." The words called him back to 3 May street, and he packed his traps that night, and to 3 May street he rushed as fast as train, boat, cab would take him.

The same maid, apparently with the same dirt on her face, answered the bell.

"Air Squalp? 'E's dead!"

"Dead?"

"Yes; 'e died. 'E got worse, and then 'e died."

"And—and—the young lady?"

"Left."

"Where's she gone?"

"Don't know."

A sovereign shone in her hand.

"I'm very sorry, sir," she said, staring excitedly, "but the frowloin never said a word to nobody. She just paid, and left."

"When?"

"Three weeks last Toosday"

"Do you think she was going to Germany?"

"I'm sure, sir, I haven't an idea. She paid the week, and left. She seemed all of a daze."

Alexander knew what he had done. He had run away from his one chance of happiness—and—now—where was Hedwig?

By night London looked to him like a concinant beast, stuck over with cruel eyes—a beast that swallowed lives down, and kept the secret; by day the sunny streets mocked him with passing faces, with trim figures that in the distance looked like hers, with glimpses of yellow hair.

Or was she back in the Fatherland? Safe with friends; with a betrothed lover, perhaps?

If it were so, and he could but know of it, he thought he should have the manhood to thank heaven.

IV.

He had been returned to town four days. As he came in late from a weary stretch of walking, his valet met him.

"A person to see you, sir."

"What sort of a person?"

Alexander's nerves were in a queer state. He turned very pale.

"A woman, sir."

"A lady?"

"I think, sir, she's a nun."

Alexander walked into his study. Amazed he saw rise before him a figure in black, with flapping sleeves and flowing skirts.

A calm, good face looked from under the white band and sable veil.

"Is it you," said the nun, quietly, "who have been advertising to discover the address of Hedwig Schwalb?"

His heart sank.

"Yes—yes."

"She is with us."

"Hedwig! A nun!"

She shook her head with a grave air.

"Nuns are not made so quickly. Our order has a chapel and infirmary near Soho. We work there. Two days ago I found the poor young woman lying on the chapel steps. I am Sister Frances. She was ill—insensible; we took her in. Her name is on her clothes; we could not find out anything about her. She has fever—it is on the brain—she doesn't speak sense. But we see she is a good girl, and has been well cared for—innocent, refined. If you are a relative, and wish to see her, you can come with me."

"Not a relative," gasped Alexander; "an old friend."

The nun bent her head.

"I am sorry to have to say it, but there is no time to lose if you want to see her alive!"

Beds—narrow beds, sick beds in rows. Walls—gray walls, silent walls, glimmering walls—with pictures. Lights—dim lights, kind lights, holy lights—like flowers. And on a pillow Hedwig's face, with the roundness and the roses and the splendid hair gone from it, and Hedwig's voice babbling in German wildly.

"She won't know you," said Sister Frances.

But she did know him. He took her hand and bent over her, and she began talking English at once. A light came into the sunken face.

"It is you. I am so pleased to see you, at all. I was knowing you would come. What a fine day! What a blue sky! Happy, happy!" Her gaze wandered. "And look only—the beautiful tame deer! Can I give him feed? No, no. His eyes are too sad! Take him away. I am tired! Gute nacht!"

Perhaps Sister Frances had had a love story in her youth.

She turned her back when she saw how Alexander's tears rained down, and how he held the poor delirious little girl in a passionate, yearning clasp.

Was it his warm tears, the warm clasp, that brought Hedwig back to life's shore from which she had been fast drifting? Who can say?

As soon as she was better Alexander asked her timidly if some day she would marry him.

In a whisper came Hedwig's reply:

"I will—at all."—Answers.

—People never think of whistling in Iceland. It is a violation of the divine law.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—Customer—"Is this woolen cloth new?" Tailor—Yes, sir. It's so new that you can almost hear it bleat."—Harlem Life.

—It is not putting things in the right place that bothers a man so much as finding the right place after he has put things in it.—Tit-Bits.

—As They Pronounce It.—"There's one thing about my girl," yawned Freshly; "she's awfully chic." "Yes, and no spring chick at that."—Detroit Free Press.

—Raking Up Old Scores.—"The apple crop is enormous this year." "Yes, and they say that apples are brain food." "Well, they didn't act that way on Adam and Eve."—Chicago Record.

—Surprised Him.—Father—"It will be only right to settle my daughter's fortune on her children." Foreign Suitor (excitedly)—"Parbleu! I not know she hat any."—Brooklyn Life.

—Nurse Girl—"I lost track of the child, mum, and—" Mistress "Good gracious! Why didn't you speak to a policeman?" Nurse Girl—"I was speaking to one all the time."—Tit-Bits.

—She—"It's no use, Mr. Slimly; in my present state of mind I would not accept the most attractive man in the world." He—"No, I see you won't; but, at any rate, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that he has offered himself."—Tit-Bits.

—On the occasion of the lord mayor's visit to North London recently a captain was heard to remark to his corps: "Close up, boys; close up! If the enemy were to fire on you when you are straggling along like that they wouldn't kill a single man of you. Close up!"—Tit-Bits.

DIVORCES GRANTED TO INDIANS.

Havoc Which the Courts Are Creating in Aboriginal Tribal Relations.

With most of the plains Indians marriage consists simply of picking out the maiden, leading her to a cabin or wigwam and installing her as mistress of the house and cornfield, sometimes with the necessary preliminary of paying the father a pony or two or an installment of blankets, and occasionally with some slight ceremony performed by a chief or medicine man. And when the brave grows tired of his partner he can get rid of her as easily as he won her.

The people who are now flocking to the Dakotas or Oklahoma to get divorces would be supremely happy if they could throw off the galling bonds of wedlock as easily as does the reservation Indian. The fact having been formally announced by the head man of the clan, the divorce takes place when the tribe is gathered and dance. When all are assembled and the circle formed, the discontented warrior strikes a drum used by the revelers, gives away a few presents ofttimes making a present to the squaw he intends to take next, and then in a short, bombastic speech he stigmatizes his wife by giving her over to the tender mercies of other braves, while they look upon him enviously and consider that he has performed an act of bravery in his desertion.

Often as many as half a dozen divorces are thus obtained at a single dance. No tedious waiting, no courts, no lawyers and no trouble about alimony or the custody of children. And the squaws thus cast off, as a general thing, seem to take it as a matter of course, and before the close of the dance are using the wiles known and used by the women of the world over in an effort to repair as speedily as possible the break in their hearts and matrimonial experience.

With the taking of land in severalty and putting on of citizenship, however, the Indian finds that he has cemented the ties that were so loose before, for the courts everywhere are deciding that the tribunal marriages are legal and binding upon the Indian who becomes a citizen. And if the weight of one legal marriage wears somewhat heavily upon a white man, how must it be with the red man, who has contracted two, three, four or even more alliances which the court now declares legal and at the same time takes away his former avenue of relief?—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Precious Swords.

Perhaps the most precious sword in existence is that of the Gaekwar of Baroda. Its hilt and belt are incrusted with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, and it is valued at £220,000. The shah of Persia possesses a sword valued at £10,000. His father wore it on his first visit to Europe. There are some costly swords in India, and both the czar and the sultan possess jeweled sabers of great price. The most valuable sword in England is the one presented by the Egyptians to Lord Wolseley. The hilt is set with brilliants, and it is valued at £2,000.—Tit-Bits.

A Good One.

Fly Flannigan—Will you help a redooced gentleman dat's out at de knees, lady?

Lady—How came you to be out at the knees?

"Prayin' fer work, lady."—London Figaro.

The Dim Past.

Professor, lecturing—Oxygen, gentlemen, is essential to all animal existence; there could be no life without it. Strange to say, it was not discovered until a century ago, when—" Student—What did they do before it was discovered, professor?—Household Words.

Better

Than cure, is prevention. If subject to rheumatism, ward off its attacks by purifying your blood now with a thorough course of

Hood's

Sarsaparilla

The best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

How They Did a Mile.

It is said that a hurricane holds the best time record for one mile, covering the distance in half a minute. Then a balloon has done the mile in 40 seconds. The third place is held by a railroad engine in 53.57 seconds. Then we have in their order the following performances: A 2-year-old horse in 1 minute 36:40 seconds; a torpedo boat in 1 minute 37:69 seconds; a cyclist on the track, in 1 minute 44.20 seconds; an American pacing horse, in 2 minutes 1.5 seconds; an American trotting horse, in 2 minutes 3.75 seconds; a Fen country skater, with a flying start, in 3 minutes; a professional runner, in 4 minutes 12.75 seconds; a single scull rower, in 5 minutes; a walker, in 6 minutes 23 seconds; a punter, in 11 minutes, 28 seconds; a fresh water swimmer, in 26 minutes 8 seconds; while the same man took nearly 2 minutes longer to swim a mile in the sea (28 minutes 7.5 seconds).

In Olden Times

People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action; but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently overcome habitual constipation, well-informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

MIRIAM—"Don't you think my new hat is a poem, Ned?" Ned (critically)—"From its height, dear, I should compare it instead to a short story!"—Spare Moments.

DROPSY treated free by Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, of Atlanta, Ga. The greatest dropsy specialists in the world. Read their advertisement in another column of this paper.

THE real purpose of arbitration is to show that the other fellow is wrong.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

AFTER physicians had given me up, I was saved by Piso's Cure.—RALPH EMIG, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 22, 1895.

PERHAPS more good might be accomplished by ringing a curfew for grown people.—N. Y. Press.

DULL, gnawing pain—neuralgia. Prompt, soothing cure: St. Jacobs Oil.

WE say that the good die young. As a matter of fact it is the young that die good.—Boston Transcript.

DOUBLED up and bent with pain—Lumbago. Use St. Jacobs Oil and straighten up.

THE HOSTESS—"I suppose there is no use in asking you to stay to dinner?" The Caller—"Not in that way."—N. Y. Tribune.

A POUND OV PERSWASHUN IS BETTER THAN A TON OV COMPULSHUN.—Truth.

A Padlocked Heart.

How many women lock their troubles and sufferings in their own hearts and silently endure misery and pain which would cause strong men to cry out in agony.

The sufferings of women are more than half unknown and unappreciated. The refined sensitiveness of their organism lays them liable to a thousand exquisite tortures which a coarser nature can never experience or comprehend.

The least derangement or disorder of the delicate special organism of their sex overwhelms the whole physical and mental being with weakness and wretchedness.

But it is a mistake to suffer these troubles in silence. They may be cured in the perfect privacy of home, without the repugnant ordeal of examinations and "local treatment," which the family doctor is sure to insist upon.

No physician in the world has had a wider or more successful experience in the treatment of woman's diseases than Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y. His "Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most obstinate and complicated feminine difficulties.

It is the only medicine of its kind prepared by an educated, skilled physician.

Mr. J. F. Sneed, of Omen, Texas, writes: "My wife was badly afflicted with female weakness. We tried three of the best physicians in the country without benefit, but at great expense. My wife grew worse, and we gave up in despair. She could not get in and out of doors without help; was not able to stand on her feet long at a time, complained of dragging down pains in abdomen. Nothing but an untimely death seemed awaiting her, when—happy thought!—the name of Dr. Pierce came to my mind. I wrote to Dr. Pierce received his advice, followed it, my wife improved perceptibly from the first two week's treatment, continued the treatment six months, and pronounced the cure complete, at a cost of less than one month's treatment by the last physician we employed before consulting Dr. Pierce. She used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and the lotions recommended by him. It has been two years since, and the good effect is permanent."

OPIUM HABIT AND **DRUNKENNESS** Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No Pay till Cured. DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEBANON, OHIO.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

NOT ENOUGH RIDERS

For the Cavalry Charges of Heaven in Their Assault on Sin.

Opportunities Wait All Saddled and Bridled, Needing Only the Hand to Guide Them Into Achievement—Interesting Sermon by Rev. Dr. Talmage.

Dr. Talmage's text Sunday was: II. Kings., xviii., 23: "I will deliver thee 2,000 horses, if thou be able on thy part to set riders upon them."

Up by the water works, the upper reservoir of Jerusalem, the general of the besieging army and the generals of besieged Jerusalem are in consultation. Though Gen. Rab-shakeh had been largely paid to stop the siege, he kept the money and continued the siege—the military miscreant! Rab-shakeh derides the capacity of the city to defend itself, and practically says: "You have not 2,000 men who can manage horses. Produce 2,000 cavalrymen, and I will give a present of 2,000 cavalry horses. You have not in all your besieged city of Jerusalem 2,000 men who can mount them, and by bit and bridle control a horse." Rab-shakeh realized that it is easier to find horses than skilled riders, and hence he makes the challege of the text, "I will deliver thee 2,000 horses, if thou be able to set riders upon them."

Rab-shakeh, like many another bad man, said a very suggestive thing. The world is full of great energies and great opportunities, but few know how to bridle them and mount them and manage them. More spirited horses than competent riders! The fact is that in the church of God we have plenty of fortresses well manned, and plenty of heavy artillery, and plenty of solid columns of brave, Christian soldiery, but what we need most is cavalry—mounted troops of God—for sudden charge that seems almost desperate. If Washington, if New York, if London are ever taken for God, it will not be by slow bombardment of argumentation or by regular unlimbering of great theological guns from the portholes of the churches, but a gallop of sudden assault and rush of holy energy that will astound and throw into panic the long lines of drilled opposition armed to the teeth. Nothing so scares the forces of sin as a revival that comes, they know not whence, to do that which they cannot understand. They will be overcome by flank movement. The Church of God must double up their right or left wing. If they expect us from the north we will take them from the south. If they expect us at 12 o'clock at noon we will come upon them at 12 o'clock at night. The opportunities for this assault are great and numerous, but where are the men? "I will deliver thee 2,000 horses if thou be able to set riders upon them."

The opportunities of saving America and saving the entire planet were never so many, never so urgent, never so tremendous as now. Have you not noticed the willingness of the printing press of the country to give the subject of evangelism full swing in column after column? Such work was usually confined to tract distribution and religious journals. Now the morning newspapers, by hundreds and thousands of copies, print all religious intelligence and print most awakening discourses. Never since the world has stood has such a force been offered to all engaged in the world's evangelization. Of the more than 15,000 newspapers on this continent, I do not know one that is not alert to catch and distribute all matters of religious information. Oh, now I see a mighty suggestiveness in the fact that the first book of any importance that was ever published, after Johann Gutenberg invented the art of printing, was the Bible. Well might that poor man toil on, polishing stones and manufacturing looking glasses and making experiments that brought upon him the charge of insanity, and borrowing money, now from Martin Brether and now from Johann Faust, until he set on foot the mightiest power for the evangelization of the world. The statue in bronze which Thorwaldsen erected for Gutenberg in 1837, and the statue commemorating him by David D'Angers in 1840, and unveiled amid all the pomp that military processions and German bands of best music could give the occasion, were insignificant compared with the fact, to be demonstrated before all earth and all Heaven, that Johann Gutenberg, under God, inaugurated forces which will yet accomplish the world's redemption. The newspaper press will yet announce nations born in a day. The newspaper press will report Christ's sermons yet to be delivered, and describe his personal appearance, if, as some think, He shall come again to reign on earth. The newspaper press may yet publish Christ's proclamation of the world's emancipation from sin and sorrow and death. Tens of thousands of good men in this and other lands have been ordained by the laying on of hands to preach the Gospel, but it seems to me just now, by the laying on of the hands of the Lord God Almighty, the newspaper presses are being ordained for preaching the Gospel with wider sweep and mightier resound than we have ever yet imagined. The iron horses of the printing press are all ready for the battle, but where are the men good enough and strong enough to mount them and guide them? "I will deliver thee 2,000 horses if thou be able to set riders upon them."

Go out to the Soldiers' home and talk with the men who have been in the wars, and they will give you right appreciation of what is the importance of the cavalry service in battle. You hear the clatter of the hoofs and the whirr of the arrows and the carbines as they ride up and down the centuries. Clear back in time, Osymandyas led 20,000 mounted troops in Bactriana. Josephus says that when the Israelites escaped from Egypt, 50,000 cavalrymen rode through the parted Red sea. Three hundred and seventy-one years before Christ Epaminondas headed his troops at full gallop. Alexander, on a horse that no other man could ride, led his mounted troops. Seven thousand horsemen decided the struggle at Arbela. Although saddles were not invented until the time of Constantine, and stirrups were unknown until about 450 years after Christ, you hear the neighing and snorting of war chargers in the greatest battles of the ages. Austerlitz, and Marengo, and Solferino were decided by the cavalry. The mounted Cossacks re-enforced the Russian snowstorms in the obliteration of the French army. Napoleon said if he had only had sufficiently cavalry at Bautzen and Lutzen his wars would have triumphatly ended. I do not wonder that the duke of Wellington had his old war horse Copenhagen, turned out in best pasture, and that the duchess of Wellinton had a bracelet made of Copenhagen's hair. Not one drop of my blood but tingles as I look at the arched neck and pawing hoof and panting nostrils of Job's cavalry horse. "Hast thou clothed his throat with thunder? He paweth in the valley; he goeth forth to meet the armed men. The quiver rattleth against him, the glistening spear and the shield. He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting."

I think it is the cavalry of the Christian hosts, the grand men and women who, with bold dash and holy recklessness and spurned-on energies, are to take the world for God. To this army of Christian service belong the evangelists. It ought to be the business of the regular churches to multiply them, to cheer them, to clear the way for them. Some of them you like. You say some are too sensational, and some of them are not enough learned, and some of them are erratic, and some of them are too vehement, and some of them pray too loud. Oh, fold up your criticism and let them do that which we, the pastors, can never do. I like all the evangelists I have ever seen or heard. They are busy now; they are busy every day of the week. While we, the pastors, serve God by holding the fortress of righteousness and drilling the Christian soldiery, and by marshaling anthems and sermons and ordinances on the right side, they are out fighting the forces of darkness "hip and thigh, with great slaughter." All success to them! The faster they gallop, the better I like it. The keener the lances they fling, the more I admire them. We care not what conventionality they infract if they only gain the victory. Moody, and Chapman, and Mills, and Jones, and Harrison, and Munhall, and Maj. Cole, and Crittenden, and a hundred others, are now making the cavalry charge, and they are at this moment taking New York and Philadelphia and Cincinnati for God, and I wish they might take our nation's capital. Hear the tremendous facts: There are now in this country nearly 166,000 church congregations, with nearly 21,000,000 communicants, with seating capacity in church for more than 43,000,000 people; in other words, room in the churches for three fourths of the population of this country, and about one-third of the population of this country already Christian. In other words, we have only to average bringing two souls to God during the next three years and our country is redeemed. Who can doubt, under the power of the Holy Ghost, bring two souls to God in three years? And so many will bring hundreds and thousands to God, most of you have to bring only one soul to God and the gospel campaign for this continent will be ended. If you can not bring one soul to God, or two souls, or three souls, in three years, you are no Christian and deserve yourself to be shut out of Heaven. The religious pessimists of this country are all the time depicting the obstacles as so great and our forces as so small that we half of the time feel that we are attempting an impossibility. Take out of your prayers and preaching some of your stuffing of groans and put in something of acclamation and triumph, and the United States will be gospelized, and if the United States be gospelized America will be gospelized, and America gospelized, we will take Asia from the Pacific beach and Europe from the Atlantic beach, and not far from now the lost star we live on will take its place among the constellations that never fell. Let the more than 21,000,000 communicants, as they lift the sacramental cup to their lips, take oath that they will not rest until the other 40,000,000 are saved. The opportunities are all saddled and bridled. Where are the men and women to guide them? "I will deliver the 2,000 horses, if thou be able to set riders upon them." What two men can do for good or evil is impressed upon me by the fact that two Scotchmen, going to California, each took something that would remind him of his native country. The one took a thistle, the emblem of Scotland. The other took a hive of bees. Years went by, and the work of the two Scotchmen is widely seen. The curse of the Pacific slope is the thistle, and the blessing of the Pacific slope is the honey found everywhere in woods and fields. In your life are you responsible for honey or thistles, and if one man can do so much good, and another so much evil, how much could be done for the ransom of this country by twenty-one million people all consecrated?

Get out of the way with your dolorous foreboding, and change your dirges for what we have not done for the grand march of what we may do and will do. The woman at Sedan, in whose house Napoleon the Last was waiting to make surrender of himself and his army, said to the overthrown French emperor, "What can I do for you?" And the despairing ex-monarch replied, "Nothing but draw down the blind so that I can not be stared at." In this Gospel compaign we have plenty to draw down the blinds. In God's name I say, pull up the blinds, and let the morning sun of the coming victory shine upon us. What we want in this campaign for God is the self-abnegation and courage of the men of Sir Colin Campbell, who, as Lord Bishop Cowie, of New Zealand, once chaplain of his army, told me, said to the troops: "Men, no retreat from this place. Die right here." And they shouted: "Yes, Sir Colin; we will do it." And they did.

Temporary defeats ought not to dishearten. What is Bunker Hill monument? Monument of defeat. But from that bloody mount American independence started for its grandest achievement, and all the defeats of the cause of God are incipient victory.

> Thy saints in all this glorious war
> Shall conquer, though they die.
> They see the triumph from afar
> And seize it with their eye.

And now, standing as I do, in this national capital, let we say that what we want in the senate and house of representatives and the supreme court is a pentecostal blessing that will shake the continent with divine mercy. There recently came into my hands the records of two congressional prayer meetings, on the rolls of which were the names of the most eminent senators and representatives who then controlled the destinies of this republic—the one congressional prayer meeting in 1857 and the other in 1866. The record is in the handwriting of the philanthropist William E. Dodge, then a member of congress. There are now more Christian men in the national legislature than ever before. Why will they not band together in a religious movement which before the inauguration of the next president shall enthrone Christ in the hearts of this nation? They have the brain, they have the eloquence, they have the influence. God grant them the grace sufficient! Who in congressional circles will establish the capitaline prayer meeting in 1897? Let the evening of the last decade of this century be irradiated with such a religious splendor. There are the opportunities for a national and international charge, all bridled and saddled. Where are the riders to mount them?

Here also are opportunities all ready for those who would enter the kingdom of God. Christ said that the kingdom of Heaven was to be taken by violence. By one flash you may enter. Quicker than any equestrian ever dashed through castle gate you may pass into the pardon and hope of the Gospel. As quickly as you can think "Yes" or "No," as quickly as you can make a choice, so quickly may you decide the question of eternal destiny. No one was ever slowly converted. He may have been thinking about 40 years, but not one inch of progress did he make until the moment of assent, the very second in which he said "I will." That instant decided all. Bring out the worst 2,000 men in all the earth, and here are 2,000 opportunities of immediate and eternal salvation. "I will deliver the 2,000 horses if thou be able to set riders upon them."

The cavalry suggests speed. When once the reins are gathered into the hands of the soldiery horseman, and the spurs are struck into the flanks, you hear the ratapla of the hoofs. "Velocity" is the word that describes the movement—acceleration, momentum—and what we want in getting into the kingdom of God is celerity. You see the years are so swift, and the weeks are so swift, and the days are so swift, and the hours are so swift, and the minutes are so swift, we need to be swift. For lack of this appropriate speed many do not get into Heaven at all. Here we are in the last Sabbath of the year. Did you ever know a twelfth-month quicker to be gone? The golden rod of one autumn speaks to the golden rod of the next autumn, and the crocus of one springtime to the crocus of another springtime, and the snowbanks of adjoining years almost reach each other in unbroken curve. We are in too much hurry about most things. Business men in too much hurry rush into speculations that ruin them and ruin others. People move from place to place in too great haste and they wear out their nerves, and weaken the heart's action. But the only thing in which they are afraid of being too hasty is the matter of the soul's salvation. Yet did any one ever get damaged by too quick repentance or too quick pardon or two quick emancipation? The Bible recommends tardiness, deliberation and snail-like movement in some things, as when it enjoins us to be slow to speak, and slow to wrath, and slow to do evil, but it tells us, "The King's business requireth haste," and that our days are as the flight of a weaver's shuttle, and ejaculates: "Escape for thy life. Look not behind thee; neither stay thou in all the plain." Other cavalry troops may fall back, but mounted years never retreat. They are always going ahead, not on an easy canter, but at full run. Other regiments hear the command of "Halt!" and pitch their tents for the night. The regiments of the years never hear the command of "Halt!" and never pitch tent for the night.

The century leads on its troop of a hundred years, and the year leads on its troop of 365 days, and the day leads on its troop of 24 hours, and the hour leads on its troop of 60 minutes, and all are dashing out of sight. Perhaps there are two years in which we are most interested—our first and our last. Held up in our mother's arms, we watched the flight of the first. With wondering eyes we all watch the coming of the last. The name of that advancing year we can not call. It may be in the nineties of this century, it may be in the tens or twenties or thirties of the next century, but it is coming at full gallop. With what mood will we meet it? In jocosity, as did Thomas Hood, in his last moment saying: "I am dying out charity to the undertaker, who wishes to earn a lively Hood;" or, in fear, as did Thomas Paine, saying in his last moment: "Oh, how I dread this mysterious leap in the dark;" or, in boastfulness, as did Vespasian, saying in his last moment: "Ah! Methinks I am becoming a god;" or, in frivolity, as did Demonax, the infidel philosopher, saying in his last moment: "You may go home, the show is over;" or, conscience stricken, as did Charles IX, of France, saying in his last moment: "Nurse! Nurse! what murder! what blood!" Or shall we meet it in gladness of Christian hope, like that of Julius Charles Hare, who said in his last moment, "Upwards! Upwards!" Or like that of Richard Baxter, in his last moment saying, "Almost well." Or like that of Martin of Tours, saying in his last moment, "I go to Abraham's bosom." Or like that of polished Addison, who said in his last moment, "See with what ease a Christian can die." Or like that of George Whitefield, who felt that he had said all that he could of Christ, declaring in his last moment, "I shall die silent."

INTERESTING ITEMS.

THE cruiser Philadelphia has made a voyage of 4,000 miles in 16 days without exhausting her coal capacity.

ONE of the relics of the recent flood along the lines of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern railroads in Washington is a small house which sways upon a big cedar stump 14 miles out from Seattle.

FORCE of habit strong in life is illustrated in the trappings of a dray mule in New Orleans, which used to haul a bob-tail car and refuses now to draw the wagon an inch unless the old car bell dangles from its collar.

ACCORDING to figures published by the Atlanta Journal the 16 former slave states have appropriated nearly $80,000,000 for Negro schools within the past 20 years, and the number of Negro teachers is at present more than 27,000.

THE diameter of the sun is 107 times greater than that of the earth, yet it is believed by the astronomers that most of the "fixed stars" are still larger, Sirius, the dog-star, for an illustration, is thought to be at least 2,700 times larger than our sun.

SOMEBODY put poison into the inclosure where Frank Wells, of Sheldon, Vt., kept pet skunks, and when the owner was skinning those that died he became poisoned through an abrasion of the skin of his hand. Gangrene resulted and illness followed.

THE air-tight compartment theory of building ships was copied from a provision of nature shown in the case of the nautilus. The shell of this animal has forty or fifty compartments, into which air or water may be admitted, to allow the occupant to sink or float as he pleases.

A PECULIAR result of a stroke of lightning was noted near Dijon, France, in the summer of 1893. A flash of lightning was seen to strike a fish pond, and an investigation was made immediately after the storm had subsided, which proved that every fish in the little lake had been killed. This is one of the very few recorded instances of lightning striking fresh water.

THE tiniest baby, perhaps, in the world has been added to the family of Samuel Donaldson, a barber in Camden, N. J. It weighed only 7½ ounces when it came into the world the other day, but Dr. Frederick Pfeiffer says it is healthy and with good care will live. The baby is a girl. Her head will easily go into an ordinary teacup, while her hand will not cover a silver 25-cent piece.

ON the northeast of Scotland it is a favorite theory with the fishing and seafaring people that in a storm three waves are strong and violent, while the fourth is comparatively weak and less dangerous. This succession they call a "rote of waves." Fishermen returning from their fishing ground often prove by experience the truth of their theory, and hang back as they come near the shore to take advantage of the lull that follows, they say, pretty regularly after three big breakers.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Gen. Eli H. Murray, who died in San Diego, Cal., recently, though a southerner by birth, was the youngest general officer in the union army.

—Lord Russell of Killowen took little interest in Baltimore's oysters, but talked about the city chiefly because it was named after a small fishing village in South Munster, Ireland, which was sacked by the Algerian pirates in 1631.

—Interest centers in the Khalifa Abdullah et Taishai, the present ruler of the Soudan, who will probably be deposed by the English in a few years. He is 46 years old, is unable to read or write and is the color of the negroes who are his slaves.

—The latest English writer to be placed upon the Roman Index is no other than Mr. Andrew Lang. This distinction has been obtained by his work on "Culture and Myths," which appears to have become known at the vatican through having been translated into French.

—Book collecting is the pastime in which Francis Wilson takes most interest. His library of 6,000 or 7,000 volumes is noteworthy for its first editions and autograph copies of American essayists, historians and poets, as well as many rare volumes of theatrical history, biography and criticism.

—The last of the southern ante-bellum senators is T. L. Clingman, who now lives in Asheville, N. C. He was senator from North Carolina when the state seceded, but he kept his seat until the end of the special session after the inauguration of President Lincoln. Then he joined the confederate army.

—The individuality and taste of Miss Georgia Cayvan are expressed in the design and coloring of the admirable posters used to advertise her tour. Miss Cayvan manages her dramatic company, selects the plays, distributes the parts, chooses the costumes, designs the stage decorations and personally directs all the rehearsals.

GOLD BY THE YARD.

How the Gilding Used in Ornamental Decoration Is Prepared.

The beating of the innumerable little square pieces of gold which are used to cover domes and signs, and so on, forms a distinct industry in the gold trade, which employs a large number of hands and requires no small amount of skill.

The long low building in which the work is carried on is filled throughout the day with the sound of hammers. On every side little boxes containing tiny rolls of gold are to be seen, which, although only measuring 1½ inches in length, are each worth about ten pounds. The gold is received in bars one-eighth of an inch in thickness, an inch in width and weighing 240 pennyweights. This is rolled out into a ribbon 30 yards in length.

It is then given to the workmen in strips measuring seven yards, each of which is cut up into 180 pieces. These are now ready to be beaten out by hand. They are placed (protected by fine skins) in a tool known as the "clutch," and are thoroughly pounded out on a great granite block set in the ground in such a way that there is absolutely no vibratory movement. The process is repeated several times, the gold as it spreads being continuously subdivided until it is of the exact dimensions required.

The skins in which the gold is beaten are so delicate that they will tear as easily as paper, nevertheless they are of so fine a quality that they will withstand the continual hammering for several years. The gold, which is finally beaten down to 200-1,000th of an inch, is rubbed with "brine" before being placed in the skins, in order that it shall not adhere to them.

Easy as this work of beating out the gold may seem, it is in reality an art of a very delicate description. The workman must know to a nicety precisely how hard or gentle the blows of his hammer must be, and also the exact spot on which they should fall. Accordingly, a very superior class of men are employed in the business.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Cold Story.

"Pretty cold up in Montana, wasn't it?"

"Cold! That's no name for it. It used to fairly make the teeth of a gale chatter. The moonbeams used to freeze fast and make the earth look like a porcupine for hours after the moon had gone down."

"How'd the thermometer run?"

"Why, look here; you may not believe it, but half the mornings in January we'd find that the thermometer had turned itself upside down during the night so the mercury could get a chance to go lower."—N. Y. World.

It Takes Time.

Fogy—Tell me, now, if you can, do they learn anything at college besides sports and yells?

Fudge—O, they learn lots of things besides.

"For instance?"

"O, well, you can't expect a fellow to tell offhand."—Boston Transcript.

Reason to Like Her.

Preacher—How do you like your new mamma, Johnnie?

Johnnie—Oh, purty good. I et a jar of plums yistaday and she blamed it on the hired girl.—Cleveland Leader.

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, : : : : Editor.

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

THURSDAY..... Jan. 28, 1897.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are authorized to announce ASA B. PIERATT, of Ezel, as a candidate to represent the Legislative District of Morgan and Wolfe, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

—o—

For County Attorney of Morgan.

We are authorized to announce WALTER C. KENDALL as a candidate for the office of County Attorney of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

—o—

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THE HERALD, Hazel Green, Ky.

"CONFIDENCE is restored," we hear from certain sources, and if so, it is time to use THE HERALD and bring prosperity.

* * *

ARMS and ammunition, more than men, is what the Cuban insurgents need, and the leaders in the struggle for independence say that if they can secure these and the United States will keep hands off their independence is assured. So mote it be, is the wish of every sympathizing American citizen, and their name is legion.

* * *

THAT Gov. Bradley will appoint a United States senator to succeed Hon. Jo Blackburn now looks to be a certainty, and there is much speculation as to who that lucky man will be. Hon. John W. Yerkes, of Danville, and Hon. St. John Boyle, of Louisville, are both prominently spoken of, though a rank outsider may secure the plum.

* * *

THE "Dauntless" has again been seized and libelled by the United States authorities, and it seems probable that neither she nor the Three Friends will be allowed to clear with munitions of war for the Cuban forces during Mr. Cleveland's administration. As fillibusters these two vessels have rendered the insurgents valuable aid heretofore and friends of the Cuban cause do not hesitate to curse Cleveland for his action in the premises.

* * *

THERE is a tide in the affairs of men that leads on to fortune," and our Morgan county friends who hope to find it in the offices to which they aspire, would do well to announce through THE HERALD, for the nigh cut to prosperity is certainly through printers' ink, and this paper has a very large circulation in the western half of that county. The fee is only $3 for each announcement, and those who hope to secure the nominations will find that the best investment they can make.

* * *

SENATOR SHERMAN is, without doubt, one of the best posted men in the country upon the financial question, but it is generally conceded that he is woefully wanting in the duties that pertain to the portfolio of secretary of state. Indeed, many of those who know most about him, say that he is absolutely ignorant of international law, and think that Mr. McKinley only tendered him the place to prevent the possibility of Mark Hanna pushing his way into the cabinet by making the vacancy for United States senator, and giving him that place.

* * *

JUDGE JAMES LILLY, of the Clay City Chronicle, has retired from journalism for awhile and will devote his time to the practice of law, in which we hope him a grand success. In the meantime John M. Decker and Robert Derickson will publish the paper, they having leased the plant for an indefinite period. THE HERALD extends to them the wish that they may have unbounded prosperity in the venture as they are both very deserving gentlemen. The senior partner was an attache of this office for a short time during which we found him to be a perfect gentleman in every sense and a good practical printer. The younger of the two is a native of Powell county, was educated and learned his trade at the Widows' and Orphans' home in Louisville, and is one of the most derserving young men in the mountains. God speed them in the good work they have undertaken, and may their pocket-books grow plethoric from the profits of the publication, is our sincere wish.

MORGAN COUNTY.

Mize Mites.

Hiatt Roberts visited the family of G. Cullwell Sunday.

Candidates are all the fashion in this part of the county.

Scott Oldfield visited Kelley DeBusk, at The Jambs, Saturday.

J. B. Rose has gone to Mt. Sterling with a large drove of hogs.

Bro. Wells and wife are visiting relatives in Clark county this week.

Frank Oldfield made a flying business trip to Cold Cave this week.

Albert Wells, of Caney, visited the family of his uncle, J. B. Rose, Sunday.

G. W. Barker will commence a writing school at Murphy school house Monday.

A Mr. Reed, of Magoffin county, has recently moved to the Prather farm, near here.

Huron Havens, of Little Caney, was visiting his uncle, S. W. Havens, jr., last week.

Elder Dunegan passed through this section last week on his way home to Pomeroyton.

Scott Oldfield will leave for Breathitt county next week on a fishing (?) excursion.

Ellis and Curt Oldfield returned from Arkansas this week, well pleased with their trip.

Andrew Oldfield was thrown from his colt Saturday, but sustained no serious injuries.

Prof. Wm. H. DeBusk, of the Hazel Green academy, visited J. R. DeBusk and family last week.

Miles Yocum is erecting a new frame residence on his farm, near here, which will be occupied by Rev. Elbert Fugate.

Jan. 25. ANIBAS.

Maytown Missiles.

Born, to the wife of Leander Trimble, a boy.

Aunt Peggy Bolin is on the sick list this week.

J. B. Cecil, of Ezel, was in town last week on business.

Wiley Welsh, of West Liberty, is moving to Mrs. Lida Oakley's farm, near town.

Harvey Nickell was visiting on Saturday and Sunday at—well, he said Rothwell, but our guess is Cornwell.

We can no longer deny the long looked for confidence and prosperity; our town is full up, four families in one house.

Miss Lilian Patrick and nephew, Master Floyd Day, visited the family of Henry Vest, near Omer, last Saturday and Sunday.

Candidates are numerous in Morgan for all the offices except jailer, and Judge McKenzie will, at next court, appoint a candidate and issue an order that he run for jailer.

W. W. Manker expects to be ready to grind wheat by the first of June next. We have seen hustlers all along the line, but never met one of his age who could outhustle Bro. Manker.

Mr. Editor, there are living within a circuit of one mile of this town 20 persons whose ages aggregate 1413 years. Nine of them are living with their first wives, one has lost his wife, and one her husband. On learning this we heard that all of them were for A. B. Pieratt for representative.

A voter asked us a few days ago if there was any other candidate for county attorney except W. C. Kendall. Said he had seen his name in the HAZEL GREEN HERALD, and no other. All we could say was there were others at the last court, but can't say now. A hint to the wise ought to be sufficient.

Jan. 25. WINGLESS.

WANTED—SEVERAL FAITHFUL MEN or women to travel for responsible established house in Kentucky. Salary $780, payable $15 weekly and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self addressed envelope. The National, Star Building, Chicago. 23-48

Stop, Thief! Stop!

When John M. Rose vacated his late residence to remove to the McGuire property he found it convenient to leave two bee hives and the bees and honey appertaining to them. They were undisturbed for a short time subsequent, but during Mr. Rose's absence at Mt. Sterling and Winchester some person or persons, with a penchant for other people's property invaded the premises and purloined several pounds of honey from one of the hives, and carried away bees, honey and all in the other hive. Mr. Rose has a sweet tooth that nothing but the saccharine of honey will satisfy, and he is therefore quite sensitive that so much sweetness should be "wasted on the desert air." He says he will give $10 in cash for evidence that will lead to the conviction of the culprit, and through this means he hopes to catch him, though he is sensible of his loss and realizes that he is sure not to smack his lips over the missing honey.

There are some people in every town who are natural born obstructionists. They oppose every measure looking to the betterment of their own city, and if anything is attempted they can always find a law to prevent it. Yet in spite of them the march of improvement keeps right on.

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